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Rhymes Here and There

by the Merry Rhymester

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Book

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Rhymes here and there

by the

Merry Rhymster

of the

A. G. O.

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by
Mildred Emma Walton

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To those who labor for to live;
To those who laugh and love and give;
To those who are glad they were created;
This little book is dedicated.

—The Author.

WHY WE CAME

In the time of the country's need,
  Each of her children felt the call.
Each of her children gave it heed
  And hastened to give her, best and all.

THE CALL

The nation called, and other parents sent their sons,
But I had none to send, my only child
A girl. I, in my heart
Was glad, yet sorry, that was all I had.

The nation called. My daughter caught the thrill
Of service given, and began to cast about
To find some way to serve, and when there's will,
There comes a way, and so she went.

The nation called, and far away she went
To serve her country in the only way she could;
Went far away from home and those she loved
To have her part in all the great world play.

The nation called. Some thousand miles away
My baby toils with many others who
Have felt the call and gone far, far apart.
From home and loved ones, even as she went.

The nation called, and though my child has gone,
She will return again to me some day.
There is no peril in the path she treads.
There are no dangers in the work she does.

The nation called, and now I know that even I
Can realize in some small measure what it means
To send our children forth to fight—if needs be—die,
That Liberty and Justice may be free.

The nation called. My little girl has gone
To lose some of youth's freshness in the strife.
She will come back to me a child no more,
A woman grown, with woman's heart and views.

The nation called, her soldier went away.
And though I feel I can not quite forgive his loving her,
I hope that he comes back.
I know she wants him to and this is why.

The nation called, and in my window hangs a star,
The envy of my friends, the pride of home.
For I have given up my best, my all
As others have, and I am glad 'tis so.

SERVICE

The wander lust sets my soul on fire
As I dream of what may be.
But dare I brave the ocean's ire
And go beyond the sea?

There are lands afar that I long to see
And miles that I long to roam,
But dare I leave my native land
And go afar from home?

There is work someplace that I long to do,
For I am young and strong.
But dare I attempt flights yet unknown,
And know it would not be wrong?

There are dreams, sweet dreams that I pray may come
I know that time will fly,
And is it not well to do all I can
As the years are passing by?

There are struggling souls that I might help
By a smile or word of cheer.
But where, Oh where should my lot be cast?
There, or just over here?

There is one I love who is far away
With a heart that is true and brave.
Oh, tell me pray, is it meet that I
Too, should cross the ocean's wave?

Oh, the voice that speaks in my heart still cries
'Tis well to pursue my plan
And I will go to the place of strife
And comfort weary man.

OFFICE LORE

"The Rhyme of the A. G. O." and more
We give in the following office lore;
The Adjutant General's—our place of residing
Over all the work of war presiding.

FILING

Filing, f-f-f-filing.
That's the only w-w-w-work that I detest.
When the s-sun shines
In at the window
I'll be f-f-f-f-filing with the rest.

THE RHYME OF THE A. G. O.

I sit me down in my den to write
The rhyme of the A. G. O.
I'm using a government pen tonight,
A piece of government paper white,
And the time of Uncle Sam to write
The rhyme of the A. G. O.

It seems to be that one and all
Belong to the A. G. O.
The thin, the fat, the short, the tall,
So strong is the A. G. O.
Whether sick or well, weather cold or hot,
If we want to come or if we do not,
We have to be right on the spot,
This throng of the A. G. O.

I'm up in the morn and then I'm gone
With a dash to the A. G. O.
The only reason I'm up at dawn
Is the cash of the A. G. O.
Although prices are dreadful high
And there's many things I cannot buy,
If it weren't for that, I'd say "Goodbye,"
That cash of the A. G. O.

Do you know that we all had
The "flu" in the A. G. O.?
We had it and we had it bad
All through the A. G. O.
When we thought we were lots worse,
And had visions of a shiny hearse,
Who should appear but the blessed nurse
Sent out by the A. G. O.

We are not sorry when work is done
Here in the A. G. O.
And we go home at set of sun.
Home from the A. G. O.
So we go home and then we sing,
Or dance around in a merry ring,
And do not think a single thing
About the A. G. O.

We're all quite glad that we came here
To work in the A. G. O.
There is one thing that is quite clear
To a clerk in the A. G. O.
'Though while we're here we want to stay,
Still when we've really gone away,
We'll never work another day
Here in the A. G. O.

GOVERNMENT INK

Do you think
That government ink
Makes a brand
Upon the hand
Of the government clerk?

It is a sight—
It sticks so tight,
And so it stares
Till off it wears
By way of work.

But beautiful hands
Are not in the plans—
But the work they do
If it be true,
Is what can pay.

So do not think
That a smudge of ink
On the hand is sin,
For that which will win
Is an honest day.

(The record of dead is the cemetery
Here in the A. G. O.
Their clerk is sure the sweetest
Girl you would care to know.)

TO THE SEXTON

Fair sexton! Oh! and can it be
You care for just a cemetery
While I would fain you cared for me?
Dear Sexton! could these dead men be
As sweet to you, as humble me—
Who'd willingly give life for thee?
Sweet Sexton! And to think this grace
Is wasted on a lifeless race
When I have such an awful case!
My sexton! If that were but true;
If 'twere my will we both should do;
I'd bury all and fly with you.

DEMOBOLIZED

Inquiries come so thick and fast,
Of legions that are gone and passed—
Of companies that have been gassed—
Of corps that into Hades passed—
There's just one record that can last—
Demobolized.

If no one knows where men may be—
If no one thinks—no one can see—
If no one can imaginate—
He always says, "Oh, that has late,"
Demobolized.

Oh tell us where's the daughty "comp"
That reached the farthest cedar stump?
And where's the others brave and strong
Who swept the dastard Hun along?
Demobolized.

And so, when last roll call is heard,
Someone will speak this fateful word.
We're glad the world is purer and freer
And we'll be still more glad when we're
Demobolized.

THE COLONEL IS COMING

"The Colonel is coming!"
Some one spied,
And spread the news on every side.
"The Colonel is coming!"
And every clerk
Sits up straight and gets to work.

The Colonel is coming.
And can he
Know the reason for industry?
The Colonel is coming.
He'll never tell
The reason everyone works so well.

AIN'T IT AWFUL?

When your blood is red, and you're full of pep
And long to walk with a running step;
When your brain's on fire
With a mad desire;
Ain't it awful
To have nothing to do?

When your eyes are bright, and your hair's on end,
And you have long useful hours to spend;
When your body's lithe
And your heart is blithe,
Ain't it awful
To have nothing to do?

When the world's at work with a purpose grim;
When the boat's too slow and you long to swim;
When the cars won't run
And you want to walk;
Ain't it awful
To have nothing to do?

When you're so rushed that you lose your head,
And the world's so mad that you wish you were dead;
When the day's too short to do your task
'Ere night begins, 'tis then you ask,
"Oh wouldn't it be wonderful
To have nothing to do?"

SONG OF THE GOVERNMENT CLERK

At the end of two weeks comes a happy time,
And to meet it we come every day.
For our life is a race,
Just a long, long chase,
And the dollar gets always away.
Why am I always broke for money?
What can the reason be?
I wonder if the world's to blame—
I wonder if it could be me.
I'm always chasing pay checks,
Watching coin drifting by.
My cash is just like all my dreams—
Coming bye and bye.
Some people seem to save their earnings.
I never get to save a cent,
I have to make an awful effort
To even pay my board and rent.
Believe me,
I'm always chasing pay days;
Happy to see the time approaching again.

BEFORE PAY DAY

I gladly contemplate the time
When sixty dollars will be mine.
My pocketbook holds one thin dime.
It's really very flat.
I've worn the soles quite off my shoes
In saving carfare, and I choose
To say it is for exercise
And think the others are not wise
To anything like that.

I darn my stockings, mend my clothes,
The way they look, nobody knows.
I stay away from picture shows
And save each rusty cent.
I do my laundry work at home.
To drug stores I no longer roam.
I see sweet flowers and pass them by,
But to the woods I gaily hie
On simple pleasures bent.

"But why, you ask, "Do you so save?
"You soon will fill an early grave."
But I have this to say.
You might as well now know the worst,
It's three days till the thirty-first,
When we will get our pay.
And so I have to live on hash,
Be careful of each cent of cash,
Until that happy day.

I'M SO GLAD

The sun is hid and the sky is gray.
A rain storm patters down today.
Still with all this I only say,
"I'm so glad."

If you should wonder why it's so,
Why I count the hours as they swiftly go,
Just think a bit and you will know
Why I'm so glad.

The time is coming that I'll depart.
Tomorrow night will see me start;
Vacation time—a happy heart,
I'm so glad.

TRAVEL LETTER NO. 1

The sun shines bright in the blue, blue sky,
The clouds are chased away.
But we all sighed a great big sigh
When we heard the news today—
For Rose-Mary McD., with her smile of cheer,
Is soon to be going away from here.

She's been with us a long, long time.
She's worked with a spirit bold.
Now she's going away to a sunny clime
Where days are never cold.
Rose-Mary McD., with your eyes of blue—
We're mighty sure we envy you.

We've all worked hard in the A. G. O.
Soldiers with purpose grim.
We sing the song of the A. G. O.
With a spirit that has to win.
Rose-Mary McD. we hope that you
Will not forget friends, loyal and true.

With a little gift we send you away.
But what is sweeter still,
For your success we all will pray
With the very best good will.
Rose-Mary McD. in the Golden West
Don't forget, we ask, old friends are best.

TRAVEL LETTER NO 2

Goodbye, little girl, goodbye.
We see you go, not a sigh
Over mail you do, and memos, too.
Those things of the bye and bye.
But you are coming back to us,
So there, little girl, we won't fuss.

So long, little girl, so long.
We know you are brave and strong.
And our Friend in need, as along you speed,
Will see that naught goes wrong.
So we send you away with a smile today—
Well, little girl, so long.

Have a time, little girl, have a time
In that far off western clime.
Don't flirt with the boys, but get all the joys
Of a long vacation time.
It will pass too quickly by.
But then, little girl, don't cry.

Well, little girl, goodbye.
With love that will never die,
We see you go on the wings of steam,
Over forest, mountain and stream;
With smiles that are sweet and hearts that are true—
Goodbye, little girl, to you.

GOODBYE

Some Monday morning
When the weather is clear,
You all will wonder why I'm not here.
But don't be grieving
Because I'm leaving,
And don't be heaving
A sigh or tear.
Dressed in my best duds
What a picture I'll be—
Each clerk and typist
Will envy me.
The office gossips, I presume,
Will wonder why I leave so soon,
And think I'm going
On a honeymoon.

EXPERIENCES

Experiences, we all have had,
Some were jolly, others sad,
None there were so very bad.

WASHINGTON

Washington, the city beautiful,
Your charm
Is ever with us,
Tho afar we stray
From home—
Looking back upon
That time
As far away;
We tread your streets
And feel it home to us.
Your open arms
A shelter give—
And safe from harms
We happy, live.
Washington, to you
Our hearts
Are bound by fond
Affection and we feel
In you indeed
A second home we've made—
And when we part
The parting brings us pain.

Sometimes I feel crazyfied,
And want to write a verse.
I know that if Walt Mason tried
He couldn't write much worse.
I don't know what to write about,
I have so much to say.
I really hadn't ought to start,
For I should work today.
But when the spirit seizes me,
I'm bound to grab a pen,
Or pencil lead, or piece of chalk,
And to it right then.
Mother says I'm bughouse,
Pa thinks, but does not say,
His little one a genius who
Will win great fame some day.
My friends enjoy the dope I write,
I'm sure they don't know why.
But as long as they enjoy it,
And don't worry, why should I?
I know a very lovely girl,
Whose height is six, you see,
And as I am exactly five,
She sure looks fine to me.
There is one thing as you may see,
I look up to her and she down on me.
Last night we saw a palmist
To have our fortunes read,
And I was too disgusted
To remember what he said.
Then we started homeward,
And it was just by chance
We passed a place where everyone
Likes to go and dance.
So we went in and stayed a while.
A sailor took my girl,
And sailed away among the rest,
His pants legs in a whirl.
A soldier then approached me,
And spoke the fatal spell.
We started off and then it seemed
To me—it might be—well,
He only was a rookie,
Was just a-learning how.
He pushed me and he shoved me,
He should have been a cow.

So I endured the infant
  Finally making an excuse
To go look for my partner,
  Which saying proved its use.
And so I waited calmly,
  For what fate I did not know.
Along came another cavalier
  And it surely was a go.
He knew the fancy stepping,
  The dizzy gliding too,
And all the stunts he tried to act,
  I really couldn't do.
We started slowly homeward,
  A dazzling moon on high,
And all the time he talked a lot,
  Well--so did I,
When we had reached the gate, ajar,
  We saw another pair,
A-standing in the moonlight,
  And making shadows there.
Beware the little widow,
  For it was she, I say,
Standing there with an infant,
  About eighteen and a day.
The parting was quite painful,
  On his part, not on mine,
I would not make another date,
  But said "Some other time."
And then I went up stairs and read
  A nice love story too,
And wrote my beau a letter which,
  Was very nice to do.
This morning when I got to work,
  I felt as tired as could be
But that's the way I often feel
  And so I thought I would be.
I know that this is awful stuff
  I aimed to make it so.
I just picked up a pen and ink,
  And it began to grow.

"I know what it means to be lonesome," Oh yes.
"I know how it feels to be blue," I guess,
With nothing to do on Wednesday night
But go up stairs, put out the light,
And go to bed.

ON A HUNDRED AND TWENTY PER

It's hard to look like a million dollar doll
On a hundred and twenty per.
But it's nice to wear hose of thinnest silk,
And coats of thickest fur.

It's hard to pay one's rent and board,
When profiteers soar—
And try to eat lunch at the Willard,
On that hundred-twenty, no more.

It's hard to do one's laundry work
And mend your clothes at night,
But they can't tell you're a government clerk.
And patches are out of sight.

It's hard to look like a million dollar doll
On a hundred and twenty per—
But it's worth the price when each one says,
"Oh, boy! Just look at her."

It's hard to think you are young but once.
The years are fleeing fast.
So any girl is an awful dunce—
Not to make them count while they last.

The landlady, at one place we used to stay.
Preached the doctrine of "Love and Joy" to us each day,
Till, of course, we finally moved away.

LOVE AND JOY

Love and Joy! I wonder just how much of it exists
Within the heart of the dame
Who preaches to us, the same.
Love and Joy! I wonder how much of it was expended
Upon her husband's head,
(Who now is numbered with the dead).
Love and Joy! We'd rather
Hear a song of heat and light
Or breakfast of ham and eggs
Or plenty of real cow milk and chicken legs.
Love and Joy! And how do we have time to think of it enough,
When we have to put out the light
At half past ten each night!
Love and Joy! We wonder how
There's chance to practice it
When our beaus are obliged to go at ten
And linger not on the veranda then.
Love and Joy! If she would only practice what she preaches!
Oh, well, thank heavens she is not our mother—
And as for landladies—soon we'll have another.

WAR TAX

The war is done but there is yet
An awful lot to do.
And when you hear the National debt
You think it can't be true.
A "healthy debt" they say, but O!
Just listen to this tale of woe.

We all subscribed the Victory Loan.
We did it with a will.
Without the slightest hint of groan
We emptied out each till.
We're proud of Victory, but—my!
There's reason for our awful sigh.

To a movie show we gaily go
And pay the war-tax there.
The ice-cream-soda's taxed but so,
It whitens not one hair.
But, Oh, the worst is yet to come.
Just wait until this rhyme is done.

For dope to put upon one's face
The tax is gladly paid.
For medicine we pay with grace
And not a word is said.
There's just one thing that breaks our hearts
And rends our dollars into parts.

'Tis tax they put on lingerie
(A lady's B. V. D.'s)
Now would you think that it would pay
To put a tax on these?
And do you think it is quite fair
To tax a lady's underwear?

The hose and other things they tax
We really cannot mention,
For everyone might warmly wax,
If we should break convention.
But anyhow, one thing is sure,
The tax is vanity's best cure.

A bright idea comes at last,
The western home land free.
We'll journey that way pretty fast,
The simple life to see.
We'll each one be a farmerette,
And wear Dad's overalls, you bet.

MY ROOMMATE

Six months ago today it was
You spoke the fatal word.
Six months today and you began
To share my bed and board.
My dearest one, I love you more
Than I had ever loved before—
Than I had ever loved of yore.
In happiness we've scored.

Six months ago the chance I took
To take you unto me.
You gave me one heart-smashing look
And won your victory.
But no regret is in my breast.
I think you are the very best.
My heart with love you've surely blessed,
E'en though I am not free.

We do not always just agree,
That could not be the case,
I say to you and you to me
Each thing right to each face.
And though we vex each other some,
We soon forget it and it's done,
Forgotten at the set of sun,
And gladness takes its place.

We're chums; we're roommates and we're pards,
If you should like to know.
Each one the other gladly guards,
Happy to have it so.
We sleep, we eat, we walk together,
In sunshine and in rainy weather,
And still we know not when or whether
One will have to go.

You are to me a "little wife,"
I am to you the same.
We're sisters though the fate of life
Gave not to us the name.
And when we part—we know not when,
We both will shed some tears and then
Will turn our thoughts to other "men"
Our partners in the strife.

THE WAKE OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

"Old John Barleycorn is dead, dead, dead.
Few tears do we shed o'er his head, head, head.
The work of his hands was red, red, red.
And we are all glad he is dead, dead, dead."

This is the song we are happy to sing.
This is the message we're happy to bring.
This is the happiest song of the Spring,
At the wake of Old John Barleycorn.

This glorious event to celebrate right,
A party was given on St. Patrick's night.
That day is Irish as Irish could be—
And as they have wakes, why shouldn't we?

The house was all shrouded in brightest of green,
Among which the white and the gold might be seen;
With shamrocks and pipes and gold harps galore;
Green ribbons and all completed the score.

In the calm darkened room, Old Barleycorn lay,
Asleep and at rest. Every dog has his day.
Old John's was a day of struggle and strife—
How quiet he lay after leaving this life!

In a coffin of black surrounded by all
His co-partners in crime, who witnessed his fall,
While we filtered in with laughter and moans,
Sighs, giggles, sobs, exclamations and groans.

"Oh don't he look natural," whispered one mourner clear.
While the boys filled pipes we surrounded the beer.
We started to chant now loud and now low,
The death song "To — with John Barleycorn, go.

"Old John Barleycorn is dead, dead, dead.
Few tears do we shed o'er his head, head, head.
The work of his hands was red, red, red,
And we all are glad he is dead, dead, dead."

"A speech," we all cried, and one tall lad,
Made us a speech, the best we had had,
"Poor old John, there he lies low,
All dressed up and no place to go:

Thrown out of Heaven and kicked out of hell
Where he may go—no one can tell.
He caused nothing but death from the hour of his birth
And now we are glad he's off of the earth."

Well, sorrow don't last and we grew gay once more.
Our feet fairly flew o'er the well polished floor.
Our grief and our woe we drowned in song,
In games and in laughter and nothing was wrong.

The night wore away and the dawn in the east
Was showing its light 'ere we finished our feast.
Old John Barleycorn was dead, dead, dead,
The wake was all over, so we went to bed.

THE CITY OF PARTING

This is a place of broken romances galore.
Each one of us has one, or two, or three, or four, or more.
Each one has felt the sting of parting pain,
Saying "Good-bye" to never meet again.

Each one of us has learned this thing to face,
With tearless eyes, our footsteps we retrace.
Sometime, somehow, somewhere, some day, we know—
Some romance will not broken be, but live and grow.

HOME

No matter where we chance to roam
No place is dear as home, Sweet Home.

MY DAD

Everybody writes about Mother.
That's fine.
But not everybody writes
About Dad.
That's what
I'm going to do right now.

My Dad, of course he is the best
Looking man
There ever was in the world.
Yes, he is.
Just ask Mother if she don't thing so, too.

My Dad, he never smoked or drank
One drop.
And never said bad ugly things
To anybody
About anyone,
And always taught me not to either.

My Dad, (how well I remember
The time
When I was just a tiny tot),
Got up
So early
In the morning to go to work.

My Dad, he used to let me ride
On the horses,
Or sit on the plow
And hold the lines
With my puppy in my arms.

My Dad, I used to take him lunches
In the middle
Of the morning,
Or the afternoon and then
We'd both eat 'em.

My Dad, he used to go to town and
Come home
With candy
Or maybe fruit or peanuts
In his pockets.

My Dad—Oh, yes, he used to
Scold sometimes
When I was bad and needed it,
But then
He always forgot it soon and we were happy.

My Dad, he sent me off
To school,
He did.
And I had lots of money to spend,
Maybe more
Than I should have had.

My Dad, when I left home
To go to work,
He said, "Be good."
And I said, "Of course I will."
And I have kept my word.

My Dad, he's getting real
Bald-headed now.
But still he's
My Dad,
He's still my old sweetheart.

My Dad, if I could find a man
Just half as good,
I'd marry him—
But I can't
And so MY DAD is the
Dearest man in all the world to me.

THE WESTERN LAND

Though far away in the busy East
Dear memories come to me,
And thoughts afar will swiftly fly
To times that used to be;
Oh, for a breath of the western air,
And the light of the western sun
That shines on scenes so calm and fair
When the day is almost done.

I see the snow on the hill-top white
With a vision sharp and clear.
I can almost feel the frosty air
In that place far, far from here;
And Oh, for the light of the western stars
On the sweep of snow so white,
And the breathless calm that rests o'er all
The stillness of the night.

Springtime comes and the violets bloom
'Neath the brow of the bare lone hill.
Soon, Oh, soon may be heard the call
Of the robin, clear and shrill;
And Oh, for the western sunshine then,
The frog's loud mating call;
The wild geese honk as they travel north,
And the gray squirrel sits on the wall.

The new plowed fields lie rich and brown.
The wheat has a garb of green.
The trees are in bud and blossom too,
And early flowers are seen;
Oh, for a smell of the new-turned earth,
And a sight of the trees' rich bloom;
The lure of the many growing things
For which there is ample room.

Oh, Illinois, the land of my birth,
My heart is ever with you.
You are the garden spot of the earth,
The land of the morning dew;
And Oh, for the time that is to come,
When I no longer roam,
But may return to the place I love,
My only home, sweet home.

There's loved ones there I long to greet,
When I shall have left the strife.
But my country still has need of me,
Has need of my very life;
But Oh, for the sight of the western land,
Those prairies smooth and green—
When I go back to the place I love,
A paradise 'twill seem.

There are those who toil and know not
Or care to know of my land.
But they are fed and warmed and clothed
By the western toiler's hand;
And, Oh, for toil in the open air,
A life that is pure and free,
A chance to worship God and live
A life of liberty.

Oh, Love whose power makes mountains move
And covers the waves of the sea,
Flee not away but gladly stay
To bless my own and me;
And, Oh, for the time that is to come,
The joy that sometime shall be,
When I'm back again 'neath the western stars,
Of that fair, far country.

THE HOME LAND

Over the Eastern mountains lies a land that is fair to see.
Beneath blue sky and sunshine, is the land of the used to be;
Wrapped in the charm of springtime,
Filled with the glow of dawn—
I'm going back there, sometime,
To the land of days that are gone.

Cities are fair and charming, their people sad or gay.
Gay with the joy of living, and sad with the toil each day,
Caught in the mad wild turmoil
Struggling and fighting in vain,
Struck with the painful recoil—
Oh, take me home again.

There, on the free wide prairies, you're living a life sublime;
Work there is and plenty, to occupy mind and time;
And Oh, the living with Nature,
And the joy of life of love,
That makes each lowly creature
Akin to God above.

The quiet, peace and enjoyment come back with a double force
Making this life unreal and unwholesome, tiring, trifling and coarse.
The old life, the one that's worth living,
All this you mean to me,
The old life—it's loving and giving,
The life that is going to be.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas time and I'm far away
From my little home berg this Christmas Day,
And tho happy I am, my thots will flow
Back to the days of long ago.
I see the streets of the old home town
Where people and horses speed up and down.
I see the snow paved country road
Where Santa traveled with many a load.
Across the fields in their virgin white
We could see the town in the frosty night.
At the end of the orchard our own pine trees
Were harps for the gentle icy breeze.
Beneath the stars, in the night so still,
You might hear the angels if you will.
And remember the Babe of Bethlehem
Who came, God's crowning gift to men.
Then in the morning, Oh, joy of joys—
Santa had come with a lot of toys;
No brothers or sisters to share my play
Just mother and dad on Christmas Day.
The old folks came to share our feast,
Aunts and uncle, last but not least.
For mother, many good things had prepared
And I in helping too had shared.
Oh, that groaning board of the countryside
Can not be equalled the whole world wide;
And the sun outside with dazzling light
Turned the whole world to gleaming white
Oh, the times are gone but memory dear
Goes back in a vision pure and clear.
Tho the distance is great I travel back
In my mind's own way by the gleaming track.
So it's Christmas time and I'm far away
From my little home berg this Christmas Day;
But if God so wills some time I'll go
Back to the scenes of long ago.

TO THE HOME FOLKS

Just a merry line or two
Christmas Day,
Saying, "I remember you,"
Christmas Day,
For no matter where I roam
Christmas brings dear thots of home,
And the pleasures we have known
Christmas Day.

Just a little verse of cheer,
Christmas Day
To the ones I hold most dear
Christmas Day
Who have, all along the road,
Lightened every heavy load,
And on me their loved bestowed,
Christmas Day.

May the Baby in the Manger,
Christmas Day,
Be to you no little stranger,
Christmas Day.
May His love, bright, pure and true
Bless all things that you may do.
This my prayer for each of you,
Christmas Day.

Oh, I hope that on another,
Christmas Day,
I may be with Dad and Mother,
Christmas Day.
No one knows what time will bring,
But while merry bells shall ring,
Let us rise and joyful sing,
Christmas Day.

Let me close with only this,
Christmas Day,
May your hours be full of bliss
Christmas Day.
With the beauty of God's grace,
Love still stretches over space,
And I kiss each loving face,
Christmas Day.

COMING BACK

Daddy, do you miss my chatter?
Mama, do you miss my smile?
Do you miss your "Little Sunshine?"
Wanting her return the while?

Do you want to scold and chide me?
Do you want to give reproof?
Do you want to help and guide me,
Keep me safe beneath your roof?

Do you call me still a baby?
Will you never think me grown?
Yes, I know 'tis so and maybe
More than I will freely own.

Be of cheer, for I am coming,
How or when I cannot say.
But some day behind a humming
Engine, I'll be on my way.

THE LONE ONE

I hear the others tell of all the joys
In houses full of merry girls and boys;
And I sit dumb, a dull ache in my heart
For that in which I never had a part.

I had good times, oh, yes, but used to miss
A brother's jolly tease, a sister's kiss.
And yet God knows just what was best to give,
And sent me none that other loves might live.

Those gifts He gives not to us—there are others,
For all the world are sisters and are brothers.
Friendship and love will bless us as we go
If we a loving heart to others show.

And then I dream of some dear happy day
When love may come to me, and then I pray
Sometime there'll be a household full of joys—
The dream house I have built—it's girls and boys.

THE SUNNY SIDE

"The sunny side of life," says I,
"Is the only one that is never dry.
He is blessed who makes his brother laugh,
And of blessing, himself gets fully half."

WHY

Do you ever wonder why
We do as we do, both you and I?
But if we think then we will know
We do, because it must be so.
If all were sad and sober, Gee!
What kind of world would this world be?

Do you ever wonder why
We waste our time, as the day rolls by
In idle thoughts and lighter deeds
That neither clothes us nor yet feeds?
But if all of us were sober, Gee!
What kind of world would this world be?

Do you ever wonder why
We think our thoughts and let time fly,
And dream the dreams that might come true
If we had nerve to see them through?
But if we didn't dream, Oh, Gee!
What kind of world would this world be?

Did you ever wonder why
I think of you as the hours go by?
I love just you, and no other one
May claim my heart when the time has come?
But if we didn't dream, Oh, Gee!
What kind of world would this world be?

Do you ever think what they think of us
For writing in rhyme all that we discuss?
But we all can't be wise, and if 'twere so,
Where would the poor, poor poets go?
If there weren't some in the world, Oh, Gee!
What kind of world would this world be?

STILL WRITING

I've writ and written 'till I'm tired,
But still I write some more.
I'll keep on 'till I'm fired
Perhaps I should have been before,
For I can't stop.

I've written poetry and prose.
I've written rhymes galore.
I've written things that each one knows
Were never writ before,
For I can't stop.

I've writ by day and then by night,
And in the morning too.
At evening by the gassy light,
There's nothing else to do,
For I can't stop.

I've written of the countryside,
And of the city din.
I've written far and written wide,
But never got a tin,
Though I can't stop.

Well, I suppose the day will come,
When I can write no more.
I'll go up where Saint Peter sits
And write there on the door,
For I can't stop.

I SAID

I said I'd never kiss a man.
Oh, dear!
And its a fact I never did,
Till I came here.
But I've a sympathetic heart,
You see—
And then so many fell in love
With me.
I'm really not so very much to blame,
You know,
Because the boys it seemed to
Comfort so.
I said I'd never kiss a man—
Well, now
I know I broke my word and cannot tell
Just how.

MORE EXCELSIOR

The snow was falling thick and fast.
Along the crowded street we passed.
We hurried on with rapid feet—
We reached the place where we would eat
Excelsior.

We hung our coats on coat racks there.
We sat down in a wobbly chair.
We scrutinized the bill of fare.
We wondered if 'twould do to dare
Excelsior.

The girl approacned with haughty mien.
We never felt so dreadful green.
We hardly dared to speak a word.
'Twas all the lovely vampire heard.
Excelsior.

We soon received our plates of hash.
We started in upon the mash.
We ate until we had our fill.
The waiter gave to us the bill, for
Excelsior.

We donned again each coat and hat.
Remarked that we were getting fat.
Our pocketbooks were very flat.
They charged us twenty bitts for that
Excelsior.

We heaved out loud an awful groan,
Got on a car and when at home,
We lay upon our little bed,
There was underneath each head
Excelsior.

We wonder when we come to die
(That's sure to happen bye and bye.)
We hope, when we arrive on high
We will not have to sadly sigh
Excelsior.

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY

When the room
Is so con-
Founded hot
That you bake
Or you roast
Like as not;
The fan
Thinks it can
Make you cool,
So it bobs
Up and down
Like a fool;
The heat
Sizzling up
From the street,
Through your shoes
Burns the soles
Of your feet;
When the sun's
Blinding glare
Makes you blink,
And you do
Nothing all
Day but drink;
When the nights
Seem to be
Worse than days,
And the moon
Shine is a
Misty haze;
When the skee-
Ters by night,
And by day
The flies, all go
Buzzing away;
When you all
Are so tired
That you sigh
To find a nice
Cool place to die;
Just think
Of the days
Long ago,
When the cold
Was your plaint
And your woe.

Cheer up,
For some day
When the breeze
Sings songs through
The bare lonesome trees,
You'll wish
With your heart
For the time
When the world was a
Sunshiny clime.

CONSIDER THE AUNT

"Consider the ant and be wise,"
Said a sage in kingship's guise.
And we, working away
Are given to say,
"Consider the aunt."

Consider the aunt and be wise.
Would she hear it with much surprise?
We are having a happy time.
She, heavenward is trying to climb,
Consider the aunt.

Consider the aunt and be wise.
Consider her stature and size.
Consider the size of her bank account,
It is no very small amount.
Consider the aunt.

Consider the aunt and be wise.
Make studied and careful replies.
She has married no man,
So you surely should plan to
Consider the aunt.

Consider the aunt and be wise.
And when that good lady dies,
And you read her will,
'Tis sure you must still
Consider the aunt.

HALF A STEP

Half a step,
Half a step,
Half a step forward,
Slowly I worked my way, conductor thundered,
"Right up the front there, please.
"Plenty of seats there, please."
While slowly in I squeeze.
How, they all wondered.

Half a step,
Half a step,
Halp a step onward,
I slowly slid along, cornered and elbowed.
Then we went 'round a curve,
Gave a most dreadful swerve,
Someone with lots of nerve
On my corns blundered.

Half a block,
Half a block,
Half a block homeward,
We kept upon our way, several slumbered.
I, letting go a strap,
Hastened a glove to snap,
Sat down in someone's lap.
Up quick I clamored.

Half a step,
Half a step,
Half a step forward.
I have my corner reached, reeling most awkward.
Though scarcely fit to talk,
I vowed a vow to walk,
Car riders now I mock
As I go workward.

THAT MAXWELL

A black-haired girl with big brown eyes
Once told a story in this wise;
'Twas about a car that could go so far,
And a nice big boy with big blue eyes

Oh, Mac's swell car
Was a Maxwell car,
And it was a beauty too,
And he was the lad
Who could make her glad,
As none of the rest could do.

Oh, I know a lad with nice brown eyes
Who would open them wide in great surprise
If he heard of this car, that could go so far
And I hope that soon he'll be getting wise

Oh, Mac's swell car
Is a Maxwell car,
And one I know is, too
And he is the lad
Who could make me glad
As none of the rest could do.

I AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET

I've a beau who comes three times a week,
But I ain't heard nothin' yet.
He's been trying a long, long time to speak,
But I ain't heard nothin' yet.
We just talk about the weather,
Go and see a show together.
That's great.
I'll wait,
Though I ain't heard nothin' yet.
He's got three farms,
Two stalwart arms,
But I ain't heard nothin' yet.
I'd like to see
Just how 'twould be
A wedding date to set.
He must propose now pretty soon
Or I will quit, you bet.
He's quite immune
To the summer moon,
For I ain't heard nothin' yet.

IN THE SERIOUS VEIN

"No man liveth to himself
Or dieth—
Not alone life's road we tread.
The serious vein is the gold
Far hid
Beneath the world's rough view.

BEING CONGENIAL

It is a bitter thing when sometimes friendship seems to die,
And doubting take its place, but passing by
The small mean phases of the case
There is some way the causes to efface.

When two folks live together day by day and hour by hour,
A feeling grows between them and the power
Possessed by the stronger of the pair,
Is brought upon the other sometimes far too much to bear.

All this makes some rebellious, on one part—
A rebellious is never a happy heart.
The one who is the stronger oft-times does not know
Just why the other may unhappy grow.

The mind that is possessed of "pep" and fire,
Seeks greater things and strives to climb yet higher:
Yet loving well his partner in the strife,
Knows not why he's dissatisfied with life.

The temper that is quick, shoots far and high,
But it is just as quick to fade and die.
Far better it, than one that sullen smolders,
Loading anxiety and doubt on other shoulders.

There is no one perfection and we know 'tis best
To harbor not one sullen thought in any breast,
Forgiving those we love; with understanding eyes
Look into the future, praying we may henceforth be more wise.

RAMBLINGS

We live in a land of dreaming,
In the land of the used to be.
We live in the land of Past long dead,
Of things that we once did see.
We live in the land of heartaches,
Of longings we used to know,
Of happy dreams that might have been
If Fate had willed it so.
We live in a land of sorrow,
But memory sweet and pure
Shows love that is ours on the morrow,
A happiness secure.
Dreams but foretell the future;
They are shadows of the past,
And though we are living in dreamland,
Our dreams will come true at last.

NOT IN THE SUMMER TIME

The world may seem most awful blue—
  But not in the summer time.
No one will say a thing that's true—
  But not in the summer time.
You want to weep the whole day long,
It seems that everything goes wrong,
You cannot hear a single song,
  But not in the summer time.

Sometimes it seems that no one cares
  But not in the summer time.
Unhappiness most coolly stares—
  But not in the summer time.
Cool breeze, green grass and all the rest,
The time of year each one loves best—
Some folks are sad, must be confessed,
  But not in the summer time.

Sometimes dear friends are forced to part—
  But not in the summer time.
Lonely and sad may be each heart,
  But not in the summer time.
Life is too short to fume and fret—
To pine away and nurse regret—
So every one be happy yet
  For it is the summer time.

I'LL WIN

If you've failed at first, why, try it again
And if your mistakes have given you pain,
Just say to yourself with a steadfast grin,
"Never mind, next time, I'll win! I'll win!

It's no use to grumble and worry and fret,
Just get in and work and you'll win yet.
Don't say "I'll not try now, I've failed like sin,"
But go along crying, "I'll win!" "I'll win!"

If a thing's worth having it's worth the trying.
You'll never succeed by sitting and crying,
"Oh, what shall I do? It's the worst it has been,"
But get right to business and win, win, win.

It's all the same in the work of life.
It's all the same in the daily strife.
And if you get busy and get your work done,
You may say at life's close,
"I've won, I've won!"

THE AURORA

A faint promise light in the distance
Now glowing—now fading—is seen,
With only a hint of its beauty,
With darkness and silence between;
But now growing brighter and clearer,
Retreating and flickering still,
Till, shooting up to the zenith,
Our souls and our consciences thrill.
See! See! in the vault of the heavens
Full glory it seeks to display,
With flashes of white and of crimson
Advancing then fading away.
Above us, like God's benediction
'Tis rose with the stars shining thru.
Then after a while, ever changing
'Tis gone as a spring morning's dew.
Some lives ever changing and fitful
Live on in their beautiful way,
Never weary but dancing and wilful
With no sober thot of the day;
With never a thot of the morrow,
Or what future may have them in store
Till they reach their full zenith of glory
'Tis rosy and lovely—no more.
But the stars, shining there laugh in wisdom
For they are set steadfast and true.
Now which like, the stars or Aurora
Is the best way to live, thinketh you?

NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows
What lies behind the laughter in those eyes.
Nobody knows
Sometimes there are in secret, long drawn sighs.
Nobody knows
That hope in living almost dies—
Nobody knows.

Nobody knows
That far across the sea beneath a mound,
Nobody knows
What joy and love lie buried in the ground.
Nobody knows
Those sad lips make no sound.
Nobody knows.

Nobody knows—?
Oh, yes. There is one Friend whose love will not depart.
Somebody knows
And eases sorrows saddest smart.
Somebody knows
And comforts someone's weary heart.
Somebody knows.

DON'T BE BLUE

Don't be blue.
Even though the skies are gray,
Sun will shine another day.
Don't be blue.

Dont' be sad.
Even though your friends are cross,
Every gold will show it's dross.
Don't be sad.

Smile a bit.
Even though—in life's weary mile,
Nothing seems to be worth while.
Smile a bit.

Sing a tune.
When you think it is no use
To give kind deeds for abuse.
Sing a tune.

Be a sport.
And when clouds are chased away,
Sunshine sure will flood your day.
Be a sport.

HERE AND THERE

Here and there,
Though skies are gray, the sun shines through.
Here and there
The clouds will part and show a patch of blue.
Here and there,
In blackest night a moonbeam filters through,
Here and there.

Here and there,
Though nature sleeps and winter still is cold,
Here and there,
Hid in a bed of leaves there is a flower of purest gold.
Here and there,
Though someone weeps, sweet spring will soon unfold,
Here and there.

Here and there,
Amid the world's most sullen roar—
Here and there,
Is heard a song that seems a heavenly score.
Here and there,
Is happiness that never was before,
Here and there.

Here and there
The heart that's tuned by love may find,
Here and there,
Sweet comfort to the soul and mind;
Here and there,
In one small word that's kind,
Here and there.

Here's to the ones who kept their Lenten vows;
Who, strong and faithful to their God, His night allows.
A little thing it is to give up luxury or pleasure.
Remember what He gave, the ten fold measure.

UNDERSTANDING

What is the key to all the world,
That one thing all must possess?
What is the secret that is unfurled
Before there can be success?
Tell us, pray ere it be too late,
For we've hunted with might and main
In places and ways too much to relate,
With patience and growing pain.

Tell us not that our days may go,
And our heads be bowed to the grave.
Tell us what is the secret you know
That our failure at last it may save.

Out of the dawn comes the answer clear.
'Tis writ on the glowing skies,
And you may read it never fear
When the mists have been swept from your eyes.
It always takes two that may prove the plan
For one never can see it through—
And don't you realize, Oh, man!
That one of them has to be you?

For, tho "I understand" is the word of power
There must be another soul
Who will answer the watchword of the hour
And made understanding whole.

Where can you find another, who
The responsive chord can thrill?
Sometimes you must search the whole world through
Before finding one who will.
But look not afar nor give up the quest.
Keep courage in heart, don't fear
To catch any motion that may suggest
That such a one be near.

Live on, live on, and endure the strife,
Do your part and understand
That the one who can understand best in your life
May be he who is near your hand.

TO HIM WHO HATH

"To him who hath shall be given,"
Is a proverb known of old.
And the whole world long has striven,
Taking meaning as naught but gold.

To him who hath a happy heart,
And the more he does to the world impart,
More happiness shall be.
The more himself shall see.

To him who hath compassion,
A world of love shall come
With a grand and glorious passion
That is never known by some.

To him who hath a mint of gold,
If he share it free with others,
Oh, more than gain he shall behold,
For the world will be his brothers.

To him who hath but just a start,
It depends on himself to succeed,
'Twill come from the fountain of his heart,
And he will never need.

To him who hath shall be given. Oh,
But what must he have in store?
The love that will out to others flow.
Just this and nothing more.

LOOK WHAT I MADE

"Look what I made!" with childish pride the boy,
Holds up to view a simple toy of paper, folded once or twice.
"Look what I made!" and in his voice there rings
Joy brought by accomplishment of things.

"Look what I made!" the unskilled hands were guided
By fond parental care in their small task.
"Look what I made!" the teacher well might say
With joy that brought results of care at last.

"Look what I made!" God gave to me the child,
I shaped his life with tenderness and care.
Look what I made, and sent him forth to live,
And finish what, thru God, I had begun.

"Look what I made!" he cries, and yet his voice
He wills not to be heard if failure be his lot.
"Look what I made!" and still the world does look
And looking, see, and seeing, know what he has done.

"Look what I made!" each one is wont to tell the world
By word of mouth, or else by written speech.
Look what I made, if work be good or ill,
The world must hear and know; must see and judge.

"Look what I made!" a happy home, a fireside bright;
A monument to them who loved and cared for me.
Look what I made—at what I toil to give
And make the world a better place in which to live.

"Look what I made!" in dumb humiliation each
At last shall stand before the Maker of all things.
"Look what I made!" and if his work be good and true,
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," is replied.

DON'T BE A CAT

No matter if you're sore
    Don't be a cat.
There is nothing to be gained
    By that.
If you feel yourself get peeved,
Sat upon and sorely grieved,
O'er some hurt you have received,
    Don't be a cat.

If somebody won your friend,
    Don't be a cat.
And say, "I'll get even in the end
    For that."
Don't think of turning up your nose.
There are lots of other beaus,
And a thorn in every rose.
    Don't be a cat.

If you think something not fair,
    Don't be a cat.
Let the world know you don't care
    About that.
For a cat has nasty claws,
People don't like her because
She regards no human laws.
    Don't be a cat.

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE

Everybody is in love
Sometime
With something
Or someone,
And if this were not true,
God pity the world.

I WILL

Where thou goest, I will go,
Though the night is dark and the clouds hang low,
And the lightning flash shows rocks below.
Where thou goest, I will go.

Where thou dwellest, I will dwell,
Though the cot be far on the mountain swell,
Or down where the billows surge and well.
Where thou dwellest, I will dwell.

Thy people shall be my people,
Thy God, my God shall be.
And He who watches o'er all the world,
Will watch o'er you and me.

SUNSHINE SONG

Sunshine is ever with me
Sunshine of love.
Gloom can not overwhelm the
Sunshine of love.
'Tho skies may be o'er shadowed,
Cold winds may roar;
What care I, for in my heart is
Sunshine evermore.

Sunshine tells spring is coming,
Springtime of love.
Bright flowers will soon be blooming,
Blue skies above.
Oh, how my heart is singing
One glad sweet song.
Love has brot the sunshine to my heart.
So nothing is wrong.

THE DREAM BABY

Oh, dream baby, your eyes
Are blue as the skies,
And your hair is gold as the sun.
The curls on your brow
Are soft as the show,
And your cheeks are blush roses, each one.

Your soft arms entwine
My neck in the time
When I take you alone on my knee,
As our heart strings entwine,
Little darling of mine.
Oh, when are you coming to me?

My dream baby, dear
Your laugh is clear
As the voice of the brook at my feet.
The dimples that show
As they come and then go
With your smile, there is nothing so sweet.

Oh, dream baby, dear,
Has been many a year
Since you came to dwell in my heart.
To me it does seem
Such a wonderful dream
That I pray it may never depart.

I hope that some day
Not so far, far away
You may come and stay with me.
I know you will play
In my arms all the day,
And be a real baby to me.

Oh, dream child so sweet,
If we never do meet
In this world of sorrow and woe,
In Heaven above
We will meet and still love,
For there you are living, I know.

LITTLE SOUTHERN GIRL

Little southern girl, we do not know or care
Whether you are dark or very fair.
One thing sure we know, you must be very sweet
To have a friend whose very soul is lying at your feet.

Little southern girl, we do not know at all
Whether you are short or very tall.
One thing sure we know, your heart should be most true,
To have a friend whose whole life aim seem loving you.

Little southern girl, we never hope to meet,
Never on this earth your pretty smile we'll greet.
One thing sure we know you never need to fear,
Losing your lover's love even though he is not near.

Little southern girl, we other girls can say
He's most faithful to you and speaks of you every day.
One thing sure our own dear boys are just as true,
And we'll send your southern boy back home safe to you.

THE CASTLE

I see a castle in my dreams,
I've seen somewhere before, it seems.
It's twin towers rise on either side.
It's gray stones many secrets hide.
My heart is very rapt, I fear
In this castle of my Engineer;
And though he's far across the sea,
He'll soon be coming back to me.
We'll build a castle, not of stone.
'Twill be a happy little home,
And we'll forget the long, long years
That he was with the Engineers.

THE FIVE

A maiden and a man, one winter night
Were sitting by the fire's warm, flickering light.
Returned from war was he, and the trace
Of war's reality still lingered on his face.

His eyes appealing were as if to ask
A world of love, and that dear task
Was freely done—the maiden there
With firelight playing on her ruddy hair.

"Have I the right to ask?" he said, "But tell me true
Am I the first to be loved by you?
Is there no other who might claim
That you have loved him just the same?"

"'Tis fair to ask," said she, "And I
Will tell you all the tale, and why
With many loves a woman's heart is blessed—
But there is only one that's sweet and best.

A young girl loves the hero of her dreams.
In her young life almost a god he seems,
With black or golden hair, as it may be.
No fault in him she ever seems to see.

When but a child in school, there was a lad
For whom this kind of love I truly had.
But as the years went on I learned to know
'Twas not the will of God to have it so.

Now this was hero love, the kind we grow
In just imagination, and we show
Our dreams to no one else, until some day,
Our dream dissolves, our hero fades away.

Again I met a lad so tall and brave—
My brother he, this love I seemed to crave.
I loved his voice, the look in his blue eyes—
This, too departs, and on time flies.

Once more I love and this time too it seems
That I live night and day in only dreams.
I learned to know the lad and he
Confided all his hopes and plans to me;

Those things which to a sister might be given
And which to think out clearly he had striven,
Ambitions which were stirring in his heart,
An older sister I—and played the part.

Still once again I thought I loved but soon it went.
It's part was played; it's breath of passion spent.
It did not fill my life. It could not be my all.
It did not answer to my own heart's call.

The love that came to us, when far apart,
Is truly love of mind and soul and heart,
Is love God gives apart from passion's force,
Is love space and eternity cannot divorce.

This love I have for you and you for me.
Our love through lengthening years shall stronger be.
The great love, this and all the rest
Is far removed from it, the true love and the best."

VAIN WORDS

Thou tellest me not to waste my time
In idle dreams.
Thou mightest tell
The sun to cease its shine,
The moon to fade away.
Thou tellest me not to dream
The hours away.
And dost thou know,
A youth once, thou thyself
Were prone to do the very same?
Thou tellest me not to dream.
Hast thou frogot
The lovetime of thy youth?
And does it not
Still yet return to thee sometime?
Thou tellest me not to dream.
Thou shouldest say
To make my heart cease beating—
Breath to come and go,
As not to sweetly dream my dreams.
Thou tellest me not to dream.
But when fulfillment comes
I shall not dream,
But live in love
I only dream of now.

MY DEAREST

My dearest, when you were here
I did not know
That I could ever love you so,
But just to think that you'll return
Makes all my heart with gladness burn
And yearn
For that happy day
Not far away
When I shall see your face
And be in your embrace.

My dearest, the days had melted
Into months,
Before I realized that once
You clasped my hands but did not try
To take one kiss—unwilling, I,
But why?
It will not be the same
When you return again,
For I have learned to know my heart
And will to you my love impart.

THE TWO

A kiss beneath the mistletoe,
And a kiss that answered a dare—:
These are all there are to remember,
Are all you had to spare.
Only in jest were they given
And in jest received 'tis true,
For one brief moment, heaven,
That's all I had of you.

That's all I had, and haply
I knew there could be no more.
Though sometimes it seemed I, raptly
Would dream of another score.

Everyone loved you, Sunshine,
And I no less than the others.
In your heart of hearts there is all that's fine.
You are the prince of brothers.
While years may come and fade and go,
Though the world be dark or fair,
I'll treasure that kiss 'neath the mistletoe,
And the kiss that answered the dare.

JACK

Many times I've thot I loved
And thought I could be true,
But it all is naught when it's compared
With the love I have for you—
Oh Jack, with your smile and eyes of blue.

Many lads have made love to me
As sweet as any could be,
But never was any half so dear
As you have become to me.
Oh Jack, why can't you be true?

Many lads have besought me hard
To go with them the whole world thru—
But never I go with one
As I would go with you.
Oh, Jack, what shall I do?

The long hours pass and I wait in vain
And my heart is surely aching,
While you stay away and do not care
Or know that my heart is breaking—
Oh, Jack, you are fair but fickle.

You have a heart somewhere I know,
And I'm trying my best to find it
Tho the way of a maid with a man must be guarded
With a smile tho there's tears behind it;
O, Jack, you heart breaker, you.

Revenge is sweet, but what do I care
For the world is full of others.
My heart is free and the world is fair
And I have a dozen lovers—
So Jack, dear, don't you worry.

I VISH YO COULD BE MIT ME ALVAYS

Venever der sun shines bright,
Venever der stars are clear at night,
Venever der flowers bloom all aroun'
I dink of yo'
An' vish yo' could be mit me alvays.
It's all der time I dink of yo'
It's all der time mine heart is true.
I vunder if you'll effer know
How I am luffing of yo' so,
An' dink of me,
An' vish yo' could be mit me alvays.

THE FIRST LOVE

I gave you a rose, Oh, years ago,
And kept a rosebud too.
You never knew 'twas more than the rose
That night, that was given you.

My youthful heart had not yet learned
Some things were not to be.
Though lips were mute, my whole heart yearned
That you might care for me.

Oh, passion of youth that has passed away
To the place where memories dwell!
When I think of what you were to me
'Tis clear that I loved too well.

Another love has come to me,
And another light does burn.
I pray, Oh, pray that it go not away
But to me some time will turn.

'Tis June again, with the roses bloom,
And memories dear of you.
In the long, long years that have passed between,
You never, never knew.

Ah, life is loves that come and go,
And each one leaves it's trace,
Till the love of God o'er all shall flow
And glorify each face.

RENUNCIATION

A bitter thing it is, when love is made to die
And hope to flee,
No matter if we know the reason why
And know it has to be;
When up and down the chambers of the heart
There walks a ghost,
And memory seems to sit apart.
Of pain, renunciation causes most.

A noble thing it is, when one has had to suffer pain
And breaking heart,
To well forget and go about his work again
Doing his part,
Though now and then a moment may recur
Of "might have been"—
But leading onward, upward, Hope will not defer
To make him glad within.

NINETY AND NINE

Nine long days since I've seen you
And each day has been a week
Nine long weeks since your arms were 'round me
And your kisses on my cheek.
Ninety and nine, I think its been
Since you held me to your breast,
And told me sure I was always yours,
And you loved me true and best.

Are you fair and fickle,
Or do you think that I
Will find another lover
And forget you bye and bye?
But though ninety and nine long years may pass
Your face in dreams I'll see.
Your memory will live in my heart of hearts,
When you long have forgotten me.

UNSPOKEN

Only a word of greeting
At church or on the street,
Only two smiles when meeting,
All in a moment fleet.
Only two brown eyes seeming
To search a pair of blue,
Only a heart beat quickened
And another quickened too;
Is there a tongue that speaketh
Its message in the eyes?
Is there a voice that whispers
What the mouth belies?
Why do we ask such riddles
When we are told, and true,
"The pain of my heart you may read in my eyes
That tell how I loveth you?"

THE SOLDIERS

Our soldier pals we now remember
In words of fitting rhyme.
We don't forget
That they have helped
To make our happy time.

SOME CONSOLATION

Do not moan that you did not roam
The battlefield's red muck.
Just be wise and realize
You are very much in luck.
And though you hate the place you are,
And long for home that lies afar,
It's well to thank each lucky star
That no battlefield you struck.

It may seem tame to build just huts,
When trenches are your line.
It may seem soft to eat English "cuts,"
When on sauerkraut you hoped to dine.
The life you have now seems awful slow.
You long for some Yankee "pep" and "go,"
But your service was needed there and so
You were not sent to "the line."

You may get tired of "Doncher Know!"
And long to wring some neck.
You want to see some real true snow
Not mud by the slushy peck.
You may be tired of sight and smell
Of English beer and cigars as well—
But it isnt' like what the fellows tell
Of the "dope" in France, "by heck."

You may be tired of English duds
And long for Yankee clothes
You're surely tired of eating "spuds"
And their smell offends your nose.
But cheer up, you and the gloomy ones—
It is not like facing Huns
Amid the roar and crash of guns,
Lots more quiet, goodness knows.

You may be tired of English boots,
And long for the feel of shoes.
But still you haven't those awful "coots"
That infest the battle crews.
Cheer up, old boy, you'll soon be back,
Your train is waiting on the track.
For welcoming you will not lack
Yours, is anything you choose.

So do not sigh for the chance gone by
And wish you had gone to fight;
Home—home again to the western land
And the western stars soft light;
Home—home again to the land God made .
To the water cool and green tree's shade
With the consciousness that the debt is paid
And Right has conquered Might.

SOLDIER BOY

Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
Where did you roam?
Far away, far to France, over the foam.
Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
Where did you land?
Somewhere in France on some lonely strand.

Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
What did you then?
We did our duty and quitted us men.
Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
Where did you go?
Went after the Boches and there was some show.

Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
What did you there?
We shot at the Kaiser and made the lad swear.
Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
That must have been fun.
Wish we might have gone to see how 'twas done.

And soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
When you came back?
We cheered for the U. S. till our voices did crack.
We'll work for our homeland as hard as we've fought.
We'll always be happy in homes that we've bought.
We love and remember the loyal and true,
Who knitted and knitted gray, khaki and blue.
We'll never forget what each one has done,
Now the Kaiser is vanquished and Victory won.

WE DO

"The girls all fall for a soldier."
Yes, what you say is true.
The girls do fall for the soldiers
And sailors in khaki and blue.
Oh, boys, in your vigor and manhood,
We are glad that we love each one.
We're proud of our country's defenders
And love each mother's son.
We love though we never have seen you,
Or seeing, may not see again.
We pray for your luck and your welfare,
Our brothers, our sweethearts, our men.

TO THE FIFTH ENGINEERS

To the Fifth Engineers our greetings we're sending.
It is also good-bye as your service is ending.
We're glad for your sakes, yet sad for own,
For it means breaking up of the friendship we've known.

Whatever you plan, whatever you do,
We know that success is bound to accrue.
So we will now speak of the last memorable night,
And say we enjoyed our part in the fight.

In the camp service club where the Bolshevists meet,
Other meetings were held till plans were complete
For the big annual ball that was last year in France,
In Washington now—a supper and dance.

The old "Flying Fifth" sure was up on its toes.
Though they don't fly they dance, this everyone knows.
Oh! Fifth Engineers, we know that you are
Both gallant in love and dauntless in war.

Well, each one arrived in plenty of time,
Smiling and happy and looking quite fine.
We can scarcely begin, there is so much to tell,
But we had to agree that the supper was swell.

Then someone suggested a speech—unforseen.
A sergeant arose with surprise in his mien.
And said "We're famous for action, and so
To action I think we had all better go."

The floor was so good, the music entrancing,
That twelve bells had come 'ere we finished our dancing,
Then home and some nice little chats, but Ah!
What they all were about we "ja ne sais pas."

'Tis over at last, the long looked for event,
Very seldom more joyful hours have we spent.
You shall know that we thank you and can never forget,
While we see you all go with sighs and regret.

Oh! Fifth Engineers, we've heard of your daring,
But not from your lips. Your castle we're wearing.
And can you yet understand that this token
Rests near some hearts badly bent if not broken?

Yes, Fifth Engineers, it's farewell at last,
Fate always wills that this comes to pass.
Our smiles and our love go with you forever,
And we will forget you never, Oh never.

MY SOLDIER

He's some lad—that soldier boy of mine—
Deep down in his heart is all that's fine.
He lives his life in a care-free way,
With joy,
And he won my heart one sunny day—
That boy.

He has some smile—a flash of white teeth showing;
A stalwart frame just built for steady going.
He's happy, too, each day in summer fine—
My man—
I'd pick him out from all the world for mine
To stand.

My soldier's cheeks are bronzed, and underneath, the rose
Shines with the glow that healthy mind and body shows.
His eyes are blue. His hair is like the silk of corn
Out West.
That dear, far place where we both were born—
That's best.

He has a heart just made for love. That's so.
And he'll be true as stars above, I know.
I'm mighty sure he's the man God made for me—
My lover.
He's the only one in the whole wide world. I see
No other.

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